**A Tire’s Final Resting Place**

I wander through the aisle of tires shaded by their towering presence; one stacked upon another and another and another in a never ending mountain of rubber. They appear to go on forever meeting both the horizon and the sky in a vastness with whom only the ocean could contend. How could so many of them be discarded like last night’s supper? How could they just be left to sit here to get buried by the dirt that would surly rise to cover their torn exteriors? How could society forget the ruins that it creates?

As I begin to climb onto the mound I find differences I did not see at first glance; the tires were of dissimilar sizes, thicknesses, their treads were as unique as a fingerprint. From afar the tires had looked to be a mess of unending and unrelenting blackness, but up-close each was as unique as a snowflake that would fall from the clouds. Many appeared similar, having been made from the same place and in the same image, but they each had lived different existences creating scars and marks all their own. They were all singular, but here they were, discarded in a mass grave whose previous owners would never see. They would never see the mess they created, nor the materials that were wasted.

I made it to the apex of the hill of tires and sat upon their remains while my eyes scanned the tire waste yard. It is hard to understand how people could spend so much time crafting such objects only to discard them once their usefulness was outlived. Such a waste. Such a shame. Could no one salvage the material to make them whole once more? Must they be left on this secluded landscape where no one could see their worth? Their years had been spent, and now they would be left to decay in slow time forgotten by the world they had served.